

# Lucky Breaks Play Big Part in Quakers' Victory Over Sox by 3 to 1

## THE PALAIS ROYAL

A. Lisner. G and Eleventh Streets.

MEN'S CLOTHING SHOP—SECOND FLOOR—NEW STORE, 11TH ST.

**A VERY SPECIAL  
SALE OF  
Men's Suits  
and  
Overcoats  
TODAY**

Brought about  
by a week-end  
lumping of odds  
and ends, which  
include big val-  
ues.



---The Same Suits We Sell  
Standardly at \$14.50

---The Same Overcoats We  
Sell Standardly at \$16

**For \$11.50**

All these garments are superbly tailored new fall clothes—styled  
for young fellows, right up to the minute.

The materials are all wool and in the best patterns of the season—  
made to look right and keep looking right after hard wear.

Quite naturally, first selection will be the best by far as the lot isn't  
large, but all sizes are promised for those who get in early today.

## Auto Rates to Laurel Races

We take you to the races and  
bring you back at the following  
prices:

6 Passengers in a Mitchell Six	\$15
4 Passengers in a Dodge or Overland	\$10
4 Passengers in a Dort	\$9
4 Passengers in a Ford	\$6

Call North 2240

and engage your car early

## RACING LAUREL PARK

October Meeting  
1st to 31st Inc.

FIRST RACE, 2.30 P. M.

SIX RACES DAILY

Admission, \$1.50.  
Ladies, \$1.00; Boxes, \$3.00.  
Special B. & O. Trains  
Leave Union Station 1:10 & 1:50 P. M.  
Returning Immediately After Races.

## FOOTBALL

Today at University Field,  
Brookland, D. C., 3 P. M.

Catholic University vs. Maryland  
Agricultural College.

Take O street cars marked Brook-  
land, which will go directly to field.

## Breaks of Luck Are Big Factor Quakers Capture First of Series

Gods of Fortune Smile on the  
Mighty Alexander in Phil-  
lies' Initial Victory Over  
Red Sox by 3 to 1.

### TOUGH LINES FOR SHORE

By DAMON RUNYON.

Philadelphia, Oct. 8.—"Alex" did it.  
The gods of baseball fortune smiled  
very, very kindly on the big star of  
the Philadelphia Nationals and the men  
behind him, this afternoon, but he did  
what he was expected to do. He won.

He carried his club through to a  
3 to 1 victory over the Boston Red  
Sox in the opening game of the world  
series; slipping and stopping and stag-  
gering along, he carried it through,  
and though he must have gone to bed  
tonight with a feeling that Friday was  
a mighty auspicious day for Grover  
Cleveland Alexander, he won.

That's the main thing—he won.  
The world pauses but briefly to an-  
alyze the reasons for a winner. It may  
sympathize a fleeting moment with  
Ernest Shore, the long, thin, scissor-  
legged lad from "way down South in  
Georgia," who will hear a great deal  
the next few hours about his "tough luck,"  
and then the procession will move on  
in the wake of Alexander, called the  
great.

He won. Shore lost.

The Royal Rooters, of Boston, 400  
strong, tramping disconsolately across  
the muddy field of the Phils behind  
their band and the only "Honey Fitz"  
late this afternoon, mumbled "Horse  
shoes" at the thrilling thousands in  
the stand, but a hundred yards away  
Alexander was fighting his way toward  
the clubhouse door through a wild jam  
of humanity that chanted: "Oh, you  
Alex."

Alexander Gets Breaks.

Pitching nothing like the mighty Alex-  
ander who shoved the heavy-footed Phil-  
lies across the summer months of the  
National League campaign, his delivery  
was cracked to all corners of the yard  
in eight sharp, decisive hits, while his  
towering young opponent was holding the  
clubbers of the Philadelphia outfit to five  
safe blows—four of them spongy infield  
rollers—the big Nebraska had to have  
all of what baseball men call "the  
breaks" to win.

Tonight in the huge parlor of the  
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel that is used for  
press headquarters, above a weird jangle  
of typewriter rocking under the fingers  
of two score newspaper men telling the  
tale of the day's game, can be heard a  
hum of argument which indicates widely  
varying views of the proceeding.

"Scott's boner in the eighth did it,"  
says a Boston man, irate over the de-  
feat.

"Pascetti's catch in the eighth saved  
the day," asserts a Philadelphian.  
"All luck," declares an out-of-towner.  
"Nothing but luck. Alexander had a rab-  
bit's foot."

But the score remains unchanged—3  
for Philadelphia and 1 for the Boston Red  
Sox.

### Nothing Sensational.

There was nothing heroic about the  
struggle. Did it take place on any Fri-  
day in the run of the regular season it  
would be called a poor game, a listless,  
draggy game, for in the regular season  
it would carry none of the interest that  
naturally centers about a world's cham-  
pionship fight.

There was just one flare of the spec-  
tacular in the course of the afternoon.  
That was George Pascetti's catch in the  
eighth. Going into that inning the Phil-  
lies led, 2 to 1. Scott, the young  
shortstop whose error of omission later  
on rests heavily on the minds of the Bos-  
ton rooters this evening, was retired on a  
fly to Bancroft.

Tris Speaker, the Texan, generally re-  
cognized as the greatest fielding outfielder  
in the baseball world, was given a base  
on balls by Alexander. The pitcher, who  
translated means that he endeavored to  
put the ball over the edge of the plate  
fastest from the Lone Star slinger.  
Something should be said here of the  
craft displayed by Alexander in working  
on the Boston batsmen.

Alexander a Little Wild.

Maybe it was overcaution in this re-  
spect that made him a little wild. Maybe  
it was extreme care that was responsible  
for what the baseball people are now  
calling "ragged" pitching. He had passed  
Speaker in the first inning trying to  
control his delivery to a scant few inches  
of the plate, and now, in the eighth, he  
did not get a ball across that William  
Klem, shrill-voiced, dapper, alert, umpir-  
ing behind the bat, could call a strike.

As craftily as Alex worked, just as  
craftily did Speaker squat there, sliding  
his eyes along the range where he knew  
the ball must come to suit his purpose.  
The great Texan is growing gray in the  
service of the Sox, but no pitcher, how-  
ever wonderful, may take liberties with  
him.

He waited. Dick Hoblitzel, discard of  
the Cincinnati Reds, and passed up by  
every club in the National League, only  
to find himself in a world series, hit a  
sharp grounder down to Milton Stock,  
the pudgy little third baseman discovered  
and developed by John J. McGraw, of  
the Giants, to finally make a useful play-  
er for another manager.

Stock Makes Fumble.

Stock fumbled the ball for an instant.  
But for that fumble he might have had  
a chance to toss the ball to Bert Nellhoff  
at second and start a double play. See-  
ing it was too late to get Speaker at  
second, however, the small Chicagoan  
twirled the ball over to Luderus and  
Hoblitzel was called out by "Silk"  
O'Loughlin, the American League um-  
pire, in that high vocal scream that car-  
ries to the distant edges of a crowd.

### THE CLASH IN FIGURES

	B.	A.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Boston	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hooper, 1b	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Scott, ss	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Speaker, cf	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hoblitzel, 3b	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Lewis, lf	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Gardner, 2b	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Harry, 2b	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Cady, c	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Shore, p	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Stenderick, p	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Ruth	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

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Phillies Land Opening Game  
for World's Championship  
by Trimming Red Sox by  
3 to 1 Score.

### BREAKS WITH ALEXANDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

writer is not attempting to discredit  
the National League in the eyes of  
Washington fans, but when only two  
balls are hit out of the infield and the  
Red Sox are able to obtain nearly twice  
as many hits, one can scarcely admit  
truthfully that Alexander stood the  
Red Sox on their respective heads, as  
the majority of Quaker City experts  
led us to believe would happen.

For the second game of the series to  
morrow Bill Carrigan will pitch George  
Foster, who will be opposed by "Dut"  
Chalmers. Chalmers is said to be the  
best slabaner in the league, a veteran, pos-  
sessing good speed and a puzzling curve  
ball.

Foster is rated by the majority of the  
American League doctores as even a  
better pitcher than Shore, and with the  
Red Sox thoroughly aroused because of  
today's stunning defeat, one of the hard-  
est fought games in any world series  
is predicted for the week-end.

It has been argued by National League  
writers that the Red Sox, who on many  
occasions have been easy prey for George  
Barnes, the young side-arm twirler of the  
Detroit club, would simply curl up and  
quit facing Alexander, with his similar  
slut, and his known ability to keep  
the ball low and outside. Alexander  
worked this ball throughout the game,  
but Harry Hooper drove a low one out-  
side a center field one minute after the  
game had opened. Mr. Hooper was on  
time, and likewise, while Duffy Lewis  
scored the Red Sox's only run by thump-  
ing one of these low outside pitches to  
left field.

The inability of Tris Speaker to hit the  
ball safely was a sad blow to Boston  
rooters. Speaker came to bat four times  
during the game, but on his other  
occasions failed to hit. For the third  
time, Speaker, who is a slugger of some  
repute, failed to hit. Every other member  
of the Boston club reached the great pitch-  
er for a safe blow, and there was no  
fluke about any of these hits, either.

Hobby's carelessness in the very first  
inning spoiled a mighty good chance for  
a Boston run. Hooper was on third at  
the time with two down and Lewis up,  
when Hobby stroled a bit too far off  
the mark, only to be caught by a quick  
throw from Alexander to Luderus.  
In the sixth inning, with one out, this  
same Hobby singled and stole second  
while Lewis fanned, but Gardner ended  
the chapter with a fly to Burns.

President Ban Johnson, of the Ameri-  
can League, and Owner Joe Lannin, of  
the Boston Red Sox, were far from feel-  
ing discouraged when the writer talked  
with them tonight.

"Well, they got the first one from us,  
but take it from me, it will be their last,"  
was all Joe Lannin would say.

"I am convinced, after seeing the Phil-  
lies in action today, that the Red Sox  
will win the championship," said Ban  
Johnson.

### GIRL SOLD FAKE TICKETS FOR \$10

"Hello, Madeline, would you care to  
have a couple of tickets for the world's  
series for Saturday afternoon?" asked  
a young man, as he addressed a couple  
of young women at Broad and Chest-  
nut streets shortly after noon yester-  
day.

"Oh, I would be delighted, and I'll  
take 'em," said the first young wom-  
an, turning to her girl friend, as she  
received the precious pushovers.

"Sorry I can't be there myself, but I  
was called out of town. In fact, I am  
on my way to catch a train now. Good-  
bye," she said, as he hurried away.

Before the young women had taken  
ten steps one of them felt some one  
tap her on the shoulder, and, turning,

she faced a sallow-faced, overdressed  
young man whom she did not recog-  
nize.

"Pardon me, miss," said the stran-  
ger, "but if you don't care to use those  
tickets, I'll give you this \$10 bill for  
them."

met their friend who had presented  
them with the tickets and they related  
the incident of selling them.

"Jumping cats, you sold them," he  
gasped, "why, they were not real  
tickets, but were advertisements given  
out by a local cafe."

## Parker, Bridget & Co.

The Avenue at Ninth



## New Styles, Finely Tailored

AT \$15, \$18 and \$20

We can save you \$5 to \$10 on the kind of clothes you want. This stock was bought be-  
fore the rise in the price of woollens. Our customers get all the saving. All the new stripes and  
plaids, the rich mixtures, the novelties in grays and blues—for less money than you can get  
them anywhere else in Washington. If you want "the very latest," here's the place to get it.

Tested woollens only, fast colors, made to measure, tailored in any style you choose, and  
guaranteed to fit.

SUITS=OVERCOATS=\$15 TO \$40

MORTON C. STOUT & CO.

TAILORS 910 F Street N. W.



Made to measure. Tailored  
to please. Guaranteed to fit.  
Costs made as they hold  
their shape.

### Row Eleven Miles.

New York, Oct. 8.—The Columbia var-  
sity crews rowed eleven miles on the Hud-  
son river today. Coach Jim Rios is deter-  
mined to get in as much hard work as he  
can before the river gets choppy.

Row Eleven Miles.